

NINE CATS AND TWO DOGS.

ALSO A COLLECTION OF CLOTHING,
SILVER, AND JEWELRY.

The Housemaid and Effects that Mrs. Snowden, now on Blackwell's Island, was Anxious About—The Cat that Dr. Brennan Took.

Yesterday morning, Henrietta Snowden, who wrote from the penitentiary to Mr. Bergh, asking him to take charge of the imprisoned cat, was taken to the city by the top story at 101 East Broadway, sent to the Warden. She said that she had many valuable articles in her room that might be stolen, and that she would like to have her pets banded until her release. The money found in her room, she added, would pay any one for taking charge of them.

Accordingly the Warden came to the city in a wagon, and accompanied with a dog familiar to board the animals. He then visited Mrs. Snowden's rooms, at 101 East Broadway, and two men, with a large basket to carry away the cats, arrived soon afterward. The party had to wait for Mr. Bergh's officer and for Police Capt. McElwain, who had the key of the room.

Shortly after 3 o'clock the door was opened. There were nine cats in the room, one a Maltese, and the others of various breeds. The silver pieces having been stolen, and another having been taken away by Dr. Edward M. Brennan, who occupies the room directly opposite that of Mrs. Snowden. He took it away on Monday last. It should stare to death, and the warden was told that the cat was that Mr. Bergh's officers had tossed through the broken window over the door.

It was not long before the cats were hardly able

to crawl about. They were at once condemned to suffer death in an painless way as the Society of Friends would have it. The bodies were laid out in a row on a table, and the physician gave the order. The other five were put into the basket, but not without some very energetic resistance on the part of the one who was to be put there last. Mr. Bergh's men cut up some raw meat and threw it among them. They fought for a while, but at last they were all made to lie down to have any at all. The latter were in tolerably good health, and were not much distressed by lying, but they are greedily all the meat they could get. One is a white Swiss, and him the physician has ordered to be kept in bed. A script that at first would not allow herself to be approached, but the seductive manners of Mr. Bergh's men overcame her scruples, and she permitted him to put a collar around her neck. Her name is Mrs. Snowden, and she is the wife of a Sweden's desolating years.

But what chiefly surprised the visitors was the quantity of clothing in the room. The floor was littered with bundles of clothing, much of it very valuable, and silverware was lying about in all directions. The clothing was otherwise was found in large quantities, and much of it had not been taken from its original possessor.

Capt. McElwain looked with an eye of suspicion upon the varied assortment of goods lying about the room. He turned to the warden of the Penitentiary for he asked, "And when the property was taken from the prisoners, did the Captain whistled softly, and said he would take charge of the property for the present and make a list of it?"

"Yes," answered the warden, "and arranged with Mr. Alexander, the owner of the house, to take an inventory of the things, and, after a while, to send them to the owner. One of them, but the Captain's suggestion changed his mind. The property is said to be worth about \$100,000."

There was no bed in the room except those that were rolled up, for one of Mrs. Snowden's friends is a Quaker, and she is a Quaker.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Faulting on the Track.

Miss Jennie Sinclair, the Boston girl, who two weeks ago, undertook to walk 3,000 quarter miles in 2,500 quarter hours in Brooklyn, at 11½ P. M. on Monday night, after she had finished 1,350 quarter miles, failed to respond to the summons to appear on the track. After ten minutes she struggled to the door of her room, and appeared before the throng, who had begun to grow impatient for her appearance. She was pale and weary. She stepped forward, and then reeling fell back.

Prince Napoleon Gloats to Fight the Zulus.
LONDON, Feb. 26.—The Standard announces that the prince of Wales, in its columns this morning that the French Prince Imperial will sail for the Cape to-morrow. He intends to join as a volunteer, the column which will be sent to the relief of the beleaguered British garrisons, or for a commission in the British army having been refused. The prince is expected to be permitted to join the staff of the Royal Artillery.

Fire in the Kings County Penitentiary.
A fire broke out in the drying room of the laundry in the top floor of the female prison of the Kings County Penitentiary yesterday afternoon, caused by a candle being overturned in contact with a wooden partition. There was much alarm among the prisoners, but the fire was quickly put out.

The Signal Office Prediction.
Warmer southeast to southwest winds, clouded weather and a rise in the temperature by locally cold westerly to north-easterly winds.